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The High School Advocate

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE
NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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WHEN we finally assembled in September, having delayed a week on account of "Old Home Week" celebration, we were very sorry to find only two of our former teachers, Miss Thomas and Miss Jones. We were very glad to welcome Miss Francis A. Hahn, Tufts, '07, Miss Lilyan Lake, University of Chicago, '05. Our school has grown to such a size that it was thought advisable to add another assistant to the teaching staff. Miss

Florence E. Evans, of Mt. Holyoke, was chosen for this purpose. After a few weeks, however, she was forced to resign on account of ill health, and Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Wellesley, '07, was appointed to take her place, and carried on her work very successfully. We sincerely regretted to find that Mr. Loker, with whom we had spent our three years in school, had resigned to accept a more lucrative position at Swampscott, Mass. Mr. Clarence E. Sibley, of Dartmouth, '98, succeeded him.

WE wish to extend our hearty thanks to Miss Greene for her kindness in renting her field to us for an athletic ground. It has been appreciated more perhaps this year than ever before because of the increased interest in athletics.

WE desire to express our appreciation for the interest taken by those who have aided us so much in the publication of the ADVOCATE for the year 1908, by inserting their advertisements in our paper. We certainly owe them our heartiest thanks, for without their substantial support and kindly interest our paper could not be printed. It is needless to say that in return for the favors that they have shown us, we ought to keep them in mind, and without fail patronize our advertisers.

THIS year the social life in our school has not increased. Three parties have been given just as last year. These have not been held on an elaborate scale, but nevertheless have been quite satisfactory. They have woven a bond of closer friendship and good feeling between the pupils and teachers. We feel that they are a benefit to the school and recommend that they be held with greater frequency.

THE Juniors started the short series of parties by holding one on the evening of February seventh, in the Assembly Hall. Beside the friends of the class they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Sibley, Mr. and

Mrs. Putney, and the School Committee, as guests of honor. The hall was very prettily decorated, and the evening passed pleasantly with games and dancing. Refreshments were served at the intermission.

THE Senior class gave the second party on the evening of March sixth. The assembly hall was very artistically decorated with streamers and cross bands of the class colors, blue and white. In addition to our honorary guests, Mr. Sibley, Mr. and Mrs. Putney, and the School Committee, Mrs. Horace Carter, Mrs. Sibley, and Mrs. Harris acted as matrons. Every one took part in the games and dancing, and light refreshments were served at the intermission.

After waiting a reasonable length of time for the Juniors to give the customary reception to the Seniors, the class of '08 finally gave a second party on the evening of May fifteenth. Our guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Putney, Mr. and Mrs. Sibley, and the teachers. Although the decorations and refreshments were omitted we all joined heartily in the games and dancing.

WE greatly regret that the increase in the number of pupils in the school made it necessary to put forty desks in the rear of the assembly hall. This certainly doesn't add to the beauty of the hall, but we hope that arrangements can be made so that they may be put into another room, and the hall restored to its former arrangement during the next year.

THE prize stories which are published in this issue were written with no assistance whatever. After prizes were awarded, they were corrected and edited as necessary.

C. E. S.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

HERE are some people who seem to think that school spirit consists of going to a football or baseball game and doing much shouting for one's team. Of course a person has school spirit to a certain degree who is willing to help the athletic teams by cheering or in any other way. But real school spirit consists of something deeper than this. A student who has this real spirit feels a certain pride in his school and everything connected with it. He wants to see the grounds look well, so that visitors will be impressed favorably with the outside appearance. He likes to see the inside look well also, and desires to have everything trim and tidy. He is willing to help the teachers raise the standard of the school, perhaps, for that is surely as important to its reputation as the winning of some game or other. He is loyal to his school, defends it if the occasion offers, and in fact tries in every way possible to make its reputation clean and commendable.

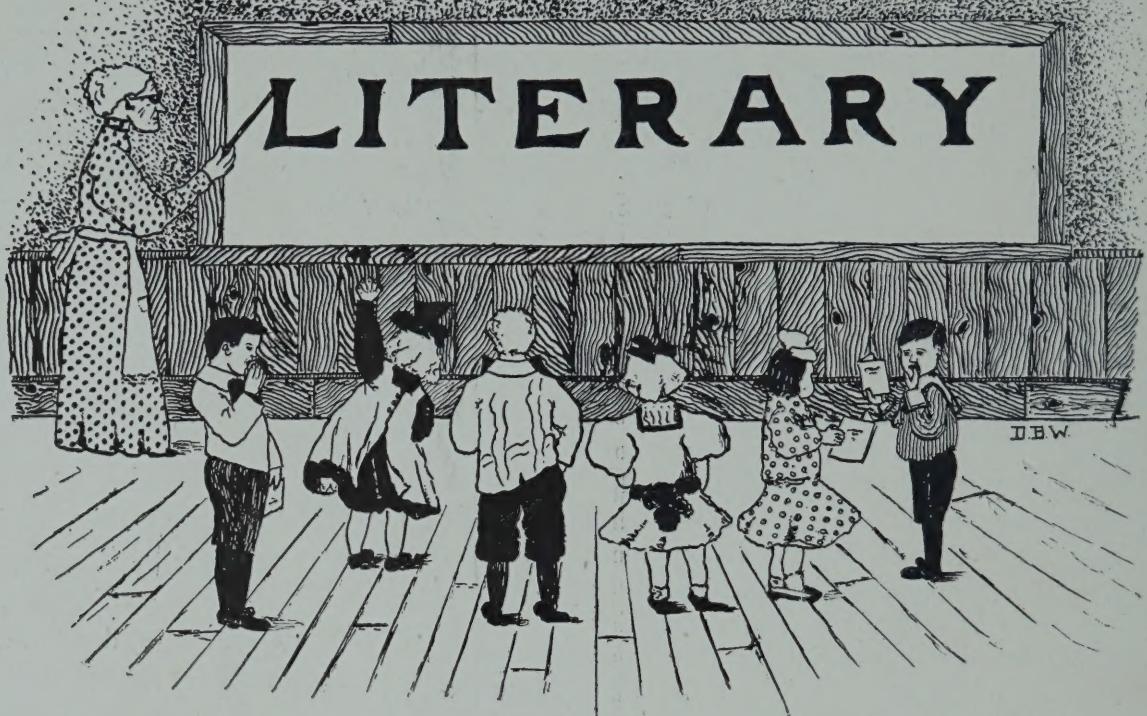
R. L. W., '08

THE parts for graduation are as follows: Valedictory, Roscoe L. West; Salutatory, Vida Gegenheimer; First Essay, Matthew E. Maloney. The class voted to give the Prophecy to Alma L. Suren, the History to Frank E. Parker, and the Address to the Undergraduates to Eleanor M. Burnham.

THE NEED OF AN ATHLETIC FIELD

FOR the past year, more than ever before, this school has felt the need of an athletic field owned by the town. People whose gardens and hedges lie adjacent to our present field have made well-founded objections to our trespassing. However, we cannot afford to lose all the baseballs which go beyond our bounds, neither can we find another suitable field. We are now in an imminent danger of losing our playground. We are not of the right age to go into town meeting and vote that the town buy a public playground, but we would greatly appreciate it if some of our fathers would carry this matter through for us, as we consider it of great importance. It means athletics or no athletics to the Needham High School.

K. S. H., '09



WHEN THEY CAME BACK

(AWARDED FIRST PRIZE)

GERALDINE straightened up suddenly from her nest among the sofa pillows, to listen to my story of a mystic charm which I had stumbled upon while exploring the Catacombs.

"Oh! it was horrible," I shuddered. "A dreadful bony-looking man came down from one of those frescoes and danced around the room, repeating some mysterious words. It sounded like that hog Latin we used to write notes in at school. Then, all of a sudden, there was a noise, and the next minute I was talking to a man who ——"

"Oh! Was he good looking?" cried Geraldine.

"Who welcomed me to his home and to ancient Rome," I kept on, paying no heed to her interruption.

"Phyllis," she exclaimed, "you must show me the place where it all happened. We will go to the Catacombs again tomorrow."

Accordingly, on the next morning we visited the Catacombs. Geraldine protested that she could not understand how it was possible to transport a girl from the twentieth century suddenly back to ancient Rome.

"Why, it was just like this," I replied, as I began to walk around the room, repeating the charm which I remembered so well.

A blinding crash followed my last word, and I looked up expecting to find myself in ancient Rome as before. Instead of that, I discovered that I was surrounded by about twenty ancient Romans, but I was still in the Catacombs. It was easy to tell where they came from, for as I looked at the walls I saw that almost every bone had disappeared. I was horrified at my own deed. Here I had deliberately brought back to life a score of Roman citizens whom I must keep out of mischief. They were not exactly weak minded, and would probably be hard to manage; at best, they would prove a public nuisance. Yet I had them on my hands. They must feel strangely out of place themselves.

Several of the Romans spoke to me, but I had not yet collected my senses enough to answer. The rest stalked out of the room without a word. Evidently they saw nothing strange in being here in the Catacombs, but I could not help wondering what would happen when they got onto the crowded streets of modern Rome, if the beggars began their siege or they saw the strange vehicles passing to and fro.

My astonishment held me spellbound until I saw Geraldine coming towards me with horror depicted on her face. I was greatly relieved to find that her fright was caused by seeing Senator Plunkett's bones leave their places on the wall, and after collecting into one skeleton, stalk calmly across the room. I explained to her that he was the one who

had used the charm in the first place, and that while I had been in ancient Rome he had been my host.

"There he is now," I said, and led her across the room to where he was standing with Cornelia, his wife, both in the full splendor of classic draperies and sandals. I introduced them to her in the best Latin I could command, but after muttering a few words of recognition, she retreated hastily, leaving me to conduct my strange charges to the hotel. I knew that their costumes would attract attention, but I saw no way out of the difficulty. I must hunt up the rest of the Romans and find rooms for them, until I could collect them again in the Catacombs and kill them off. Meanwhile I would look out for the Senator and Cornelia.

When we reached the street I was much surprised to see a dense crowd lining both sides, while the ancients walked down the middle. They were perfectly unconscious of the stir they created, for when did a famous man ever appear without an admiring mob at his heels. On every side I heard conjectures as to who they were. One woman thought they must be a traveling company, while a man near her advanced the idea that they were advertising something. It was a strange sight, and if I had not felt the responsibility, I probably should have been much amused.

Here was the renowned Cæsar down on his knees, bent on the examination of a car track. There was the dignified Cicero hopping out of the way of an automobile. Mark Antony and Octavius were disputing, as usual. This time the theme of discussion was a horseshoe which they had just picked up.

Neither knew what it was, but each was trying to persuade the other that he did and that his conclusion was the only one possible.

There was no help for it. I must conduct these people to a safe place, where I could keep them together until they could be persuaded to die again. I would turn criminal for the occasion, although I did not advocate manslaughter. I feared every moment lest the authorities should miss their bones, but it was rather a delicate matter to show these Romans that the right thing for them to do was to return to their graves. I felt quite sure, however, that if my argument were couched in sufficiently eloquent words, I could even convince them that it was for the welfare of the city to have their bones reposing in the Catacombs.

Motioning to the Senator to follow, I took Cornelia's arm and drew her along to where the largest crowd of ancients was gathered about Cleopatra. I had always thought that Cleopatra was buried in Egypt, but it seems that when the Catacombs were being decorated, it was decided in the Common Council of Rome, that only the bones of important persons should be used. So, falling short of material for the border, they had sent for those of the beautiful queen.

The crowd parted and made way for me to approach Cleopatra, then gathered around again, for they evidently expected a speech. Even Cæsar left his interesting study of the car track. This was my chance to win respect. If I could properly impress them with my words of wisdom they would be willing to listen to me again. Summoning up all my courage, I began, "Friends, Romans, Fellow-citizens, Lend me your ears," and

for two hours and fifty-nine minutes I talked steadily to those ancients. I believe I must have impressed them favorably. Doubtless they admired my Laconic brevity. At any rate cries of bravo! bravo! greeted my short speech and I soon had a score of ancients following my lead.

I tried to hurry, but my haste was constantly impeded by the Romans, who were certainly inquisitive as any Yankee. For instance, the stern old Cato refused to proceed until he had investigated the mechanism of a hand-organ. In spite of the vigorous protest of the owner, Cato played it. The first selection was "Il Miserere," and it certainly brought misery to the hearer's soul. Cato would play a few measures and then forget to turn the crank the wrong way, or else, just in the most beautiful part, he would suddenly stop and crawl underneath the instrument of torture to see where the music came from. At last I managed to drag him away, but only to be stopped by Pompey, who wished to gaze at a statue of himself. He complained that the sculptor had not done him justice.

"Why," he said, "look at that nose, it is broken clean off. My nose is not broken. And the hair. It looks like a Marcelle wave. As for the eyes—why even in sleep I keep one open, and yet I am 'sculped' there with both eyes tightly closed." Finally, I calmed him with the promise that if he was good and made no more trouble I might be able to get him a chance to pose for another statue which should replace the present one.

At last we reached the hotel and after explaining matters to the proprietor, I obtained enough rooms for the Romans. They were soon settled, and the remainder

of the day passed in comparative quiet, although I was very anxious about Pompey, who had been assigned a room with his mortal enemy. He confessed to me afterwards that his knees were rather shaky.

"Great Cæsar!" he said, "I didn't know but he'd take my head off."

Geraldine and I took Cleopatra in with us, for I was afraid that she might stray off in the morning and thought that I ought to chaperone her well while she was under my care. She appeared rather restless all the evening and invented several excuses to get away. I told her that she must stay with us, although I inquired what was the matter. She said that she had lost her needles while sewing for the Chelsea sufferers a few thousand years before.

"Well, if that isn't a coincidence," I remarked. "I came across a needle back in Central Park, New York, that they called 'Cleopatra's Needle.' I wonder if that was the one that you lost."

She was certain immediately that it belonged to her and wished to go after it that night. I explained to her that it was rather a long way to New York.

"But," she insisted, "this is a dandy night for a walk. Please come."

What could I do? It was impossible to resist this charming woman, and yet I knew that she could not start out on such a long journey with such thin sandals on. So we compromised. I promised to send it to her by mail on my return to the United States.

At last I fell asleep and dreamed that I was taking a trip across the Rubicon with Cæsar, in a birch-bark canoe. In the morning before I was fully awake, I heard some one say "Honey." Naturally

I judged it was my friend, and lay still to hear what she would say. But again I heard "Honey," and turned over with a groan. It was the queen and she was getting hungry, so I was forced to ring for the maid.

After that I held a council of war with Geraldine. I saw that the Romans would roam about, and we agreed that it would be best if I offered to show them around, for then we could at least keep them together. So we discussed the different points of interest. Geraldine suggested the Vatican, but I knew better. If Nero saw so many Christians about it would irritate him, and he might take a notion to burn up a few of them.

Finally, we decided to take them back to the scene of their former glory — the Roman Forum, and a little before noon we started. My plan was to stop at a small restaurant for luncheon, but by the time we arrived an immense crowd was at our heels. Cicero thought this was a good time for an oration, but when I proposed that we lunch first, he was very willing to wait until we reached the Forum. "For," he said, "I do not really believe in speech-making upon an empty stomach."

Crowds were already assembled when we reached the Forum. We went straight to the Senate House, and there the ancients spent some time musing over past scenes. Julius Cæsar wept at the scene of his assassination.

"Oh! I never felt so cut up over anything in all my life," he wailed, when Geraldine asked him why he wept over something past and gone.

Now the Romans decided to hold a meeting of the Senate. They elected Constantine for chairman. After calling

the meeting to order, he asked that any business be brought forward. Cæsar rose, filled with the old ambition to conquer, and with inspiring words urged that they make an attack upon Rome, the city of the present day.

"Second the motion," cried Pompey, as Cæsar sat down amid loud cheers.

"My legions! oh! my legions!" came a voice from the rear. Cæsar began to look rather troubled.

"Why, I never thought of that," he said, "we haven't got a single soldier."

Now was my chance and I rose to the occasion. Addressing myself to the chair, I said that if they wished to go in a body to the Catacombs, I would work the mystic charm which had raised them, for there were many brave soldiers buried

there. My proposition received a unanimous vote in its favor.

The journey back to the Catacombs was made with all possible speed, for the Romans were as anxious as I was to test the virtue of the charm. Once there they gathered in the little room, and I commenced the fatal charm which would soon kill them off. In a few minutes the verse was finished and the crash came. As I raised my eyes I saw that the walls were once more austerely decorated, while my friends were no more. Only Geraldine remained.

"Good for you," she exclaimed, "only why didn't you tell me when you were going to do it, for I had hold of Cleopatra's hand."

H. ADELE HOWE, '10

THE MISER'S DREAM

(AWARDED SECOND PRIZE)

OLD Miser Mitchel heard a knock at his door, although he was half asleep at the time. It was such a rare event that he could not miss hearing it. He did not stir, however, or even ask the visitor to come in. Instead, he sat motionless.

"I wonder who's there," he growled at length. "Some beggar, of course, nobody but those who want my money ever come to see me."

Again came the knock.

"I wish there wasn't any such thing as a beggar," he said, in his rough, unpleasant voice.

Then the door opened and the visitor walked in without invitation. It was Paul Kearns, a boy who sometimes ran

errands for the old man when he was too lame to go out himself.

"You didn't speak, but I came right in, anyway, Mr. Mitchel," the boy said bravely, but hesitated when he saw the scowl upon the old man's face grow deeper. For a moment neither spoke. Paul was dressed in a well-worn pair of overalls and an old cap that had seen several seasons. His feet were bare.

"Well, what do you want here?" "Didn't I pay you for the last paper you brought me?"

"Yes, sir," returned Paul, looking down at his feet and shifting them restlessly against each other. "Yes, sir, you always do, sir, at least most always, but I want some money for little Bessie Lee; she is

awful sick, and her mamma can't go to work any more, because she fell last week and broke her arm, and I am trying to get money for them.

"Well, you had better be doing something else. What is it to you or me if somebody is sick and anybody else has a broken arm?" and the old man scowled as fiercely as ever.

"Well, it is something to you or me, Mr. Mitchel. You have lots of money, and you would be lots happier if you would give some of it away. Poor little baby Bessie! She cries and groans all the time, and I feel awful sorry for her. I have carried her cookies and oranges with the pennies I have earned, and went without eating any myself."

"You are a little fool, Paul Kearns. Take care of yourself, and don't be running after all the sick children in the town. Suppose I should hunt up all the paupers in the neighborhood and try to take care of them."

"You would be a great deal happier than you are now, Mr. Mitchel," the boy said, interrupting the old man.

The words spoken touched the miser, and he dropped his head before the flashing eyes of Paul. There was something in them that he did not care to meet.

"Yes, Mr. Mitchel, if you would give some of your money to the poor children all around you would be a good deal happier than you are."

"How do you know that I am not happy?" asked the old man in a lower voice.

"Because nobody can be happy shut up in this dull-looking room with only a chair and a lounge, a table and a couple of pictures. You don't look happy, Mr.

Mitchel. I know that I am happier than you are, even if I have no home of my own and get kicked and knocked around the streets pretty often. I can hear the birds sing, and see the pretty flowers, and walk out in the bright sunlight. These things make me happy, and I am happy when I can help others."

The old man did not answer, but kept on looking at the floor.

"Please give me something for Mrs. Lee and little Bessie," and Paul reached out his hand. The old miser placed his hands in his pocket, drew out some money, and asked, "How much do you want, sir?"

"Please give me a dollar, Mr. Mitchel," and there was an eager hopefulness in the boy's face.

"Here it is, take it. It is the first dollar I ever gave in my life," and the rough voice sounded pleasant to Paul.

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Mitchel," said the boy, as he received the money. In a moment he was gone and old Miser Mitchel was alone again.

Again he rested in his chair and slept in his gloomy room. His whole life seemed to pass before him, and he could see the words all along, "Wasted, wasted years." Again in his dream little Paul Kearns stood before him. He tried to drop his head, but he could not move. He sat transfixed before the boy who had learned the secret of true living and of being happy. Before him was a heap of shining dollars.

"Only one of them you saved, only one is of any value to you; all the rest are worthless." As Paul said this the money gradually crumbled away, save the one dollar that glittered like the sun.

The man awoke, faint and dizzy. He tried to get upon his feet but was unable

to do so. Then there came a numb feeling and he fell unconscious to the floor.

Days passed before he could think rightly or hear and see. Then as consciousness feebly regained its powers the old man became aware of the fact that some one was near him and caring for him. He opened his eyes and saw the boyish form of little Paul Kearns standing close by. It came to him in a moment just how it was, and he reached out his hand toward the boy.

"God bless you, Paul," he said. "How long have I been sick?"

"Six weeks, I came in the same day that you gave me the dollar, to tell you how happy Mrs. Lee and Bessie were when I gave them your money, and I found you on the floor. I thought you were dead, so I ran for the doctor and we got you on the lounge, and in a little while you showed signs of life. I took care of you and did just as the doctor told me to."

"And how is Mrs. Lee and Bessie?" the old man asked.

"Bessie is better, but Mrs. Lee's arm is not well enough so that she can work yet," Paul answered.

"Who takes care of them?" asked the old man.

"I told some good ladies about them and they go two or three times a week to give them food," returned Paul.

"I want you to carry some money right down to Mrs. Lee, and tell her that old Miser Mitchel sent it to her. I'll not be called by that name after to-day," and the old man reached for his pocketbook.

"Here is a ten-dollar bill for Mrs. Lee, and tell her she shall not suffer any more," and the old man lay back in his chair.

"It will be a Christmas present for her," Paul said joyfully. "It is Christmas to-morrow."

"I had forgotten all about it," said the man.

When Paul returned after carrying the money to Mrs. Lee, he found another ten-dollar bill upon the stand by the miser's bed.

"It is to buy you a suit of new clothes for a Christmas present," the old man said.

"Now I've got more money to go with the dollar that I first gave away," he said to himself. "Soon I'll have as large a heap of dollars as I saw in my dream. And this money will never crumble away."

Soon after, as the years sped along, this old man moved from this gloomy room and purchased a beautiful house, and little Paul Kearns lived with him. He gave to all who needed help, and every year, as Christmas came, he had special gifts for all.

LOUISE SCHLEICHER, '11



TOM BRADFORD'S VICTORY

(AWARDED THIRD PRIZE)

IT was the day of the race at Lincolnshire Park. Fortunes had been staked on the race, and the odds were ten to one in favor of "The King," a horse owned by Miss Bertha Townsend, a young American, who lived with her parents upon a large English estate in Yorkshire. The young American had inherited a taste, or more correctly, an interest in the affairs of the turf, somewhat out of keeping with her rather retiring nature.

It had been a year ago that Tom Bradford, one of the best jockeys in the country, had been disgraced and discharged from her employ. He had been accused of "fixing" the horse he rode, and thus losing the race. Naturally, not being able to prove his innocence, he was discharged. To-day Tom felt something drawing him strangely to the race track, and although he did not want to meet all his old acquaintances, he could not keep away. So he seated himself dejectedly in Miss Townsend's part of the stables, whither he had wandered without meeting any one.

The surroundings had a familiar look to him, for in this very part he had won fame by his horsemanship, fame for himself and for Miss Townsend. As he sat meditating, his face resting on his hands, he was suddenly brought to himself by the sound of heavy steps, and on looking up he saw the man who he felt had been the cause of his disgrace. This was Sir James Haregrave, the owner of some of the best horses in Lincolnshire County. Tom's mouth straightened into a line as he saw this man.

"Hello, Tom," said Sir James, in a gruff voice. "What are you doing around here?"

"I'd be 'ere ridin' to-day only for you," said Tom sulkily.

"What do you mean by that?" said Sir James. "Do you know that I could have you put out of here this instant, if I wished?"

"Yes, but you won't," said Tom calmly, for he had cooled off by this time.

"Just keep away from the horses, will you, that's all," and with this fling Sir James turned on his heel and left the stable. Tom cast a threatening glance after him, and made a start as if to follow, but stopped at the sound of voices.

As he turned he saw his brother Dick and Miss Townsend coming from the stalls. Tom knew that his brother was riding "The King," and he knew also that "The King" was picked as a winner for to-day's race.

"Do your best, Dick," the girl was just saying, when she caught sight of Tom. She stopped and looked at him a minute, while Dick, not appearing to notice any one, walked on in the same direction in which Sir James had gone.

"Good afternoon, Tom," said Miss Bertha, rather coldly.

The jockey stood fumbling at his cap; at last he lifted his head and spoke. "I don't suppose as you'd be likely to believe now as it wasn't me that fixed your 'oss at the race last year."

The girl said nothing, and Tom went on.

"I wouldn't ha' minded the rest of it,"

he said, "if only you didn't think I'd lie."

"I would like to believe you, Tom," she said, her voice softening a little as she saw his look of despair. "And I don't believe you would have done it if you had not been tempted. By the way, Tom," she continued, "your old friend, 'The King,' is going to win to-day, although Sir James has entered two pretty good horses, and one of them, 'Lady Ann,' has quite a few backers. However, I am keeping my courage up, and 'The King' will do them. Dick and I have just been looking him over and he is in the finest of conditions: Never mind, Tom, we'll forget what happened last year, for I know that you are really sorry."

After she had gone Tom sat awhile in despair, for he did not wish forgiveness, but that she should believe him innocent. At last he got up and was going away, when he saw his brother Dick and Sir James coming down the track in very close conversation.

"That's queer," said Tom to himself, for he knew that Miss Townsend and Sir James were not on very good terms. As he did not wish to be seen by these two men he stepped back into the shadow behind the stable door to wait until they had passed. But instead of passing, as he thought they would, they came into the stable.

As they advanced, Tom heard Sir James say something about "The King," and so thought it might pay him to hear a little more of the conversation before making his presence known. The next words he heard interested him.

"'The King' has a very weak mouth, and if you keep a tight rein he can't go as

fast as when you give him his head," Sir James was saying. "Now I tell you what I'll do. If you keep a tight rein on your horse, in the race to-day, and let 'Lady Ann' win, I'll make it worth a thousand pounds to you. It won't be your fault, you know. All you have to do is to get a little excited and keep a tight rein, and the one thousand pounds is yours.

Tom's eyes opened wide at this speech, but he kept still, waiting for Dick's answer. From the shadows Tom could see his brother gazing steadily at the floor, thinking, no doubt, of the bills he owed and of the pleasures that the money would bring to him. Then he looked up at Sir James in a shamefaced way, and said, "I'll do it."

"Well, now you're talking," said Sir James. "But we better keep away from each other, as everybody knows that Miss Townsend and I are not on the best of terms," and Sir James went out, leaving Dick alone, as he supposed.

"You're a fine one, you are," said Tom, suddenly coming out from his place of concealment, and speaking to Dick. "I should think that there was enough lies goin' last year to suit you." Dick stared stupidly at his brother for a minute, but before he could speak, Tom continued:

"I 'eard what you've been sayin' to 'im, Dick, and all I'm sayin' to you is that you'll 'ave to walk over me to get——" but before he could finish Dick jumped at him and dealt him a blow in the face that brought him to the floor. Then leaning over him and finding him, as he supposed, to be unconscious, Dick drew him hurriedly into a locker close by and went away, thinking that before Tom

could come to again he and Sir James would get him out of the way.

A short time after, Miss Bertha came to take a last look at "The King," and heard a low moaning sound. In following the direction from which the sound came she was much frightened to find Tom shut up in the locker and all but unconscious still. However, being a girl of common sense, she did not give way to her feelings. She hastily pulled Tom out and bathed his swollen face. Tom presently opened his eyes, and on recognizing Miss Bertha, the memory of the scene which he had witnessed a short time before came to him, his eyes became bright, and the color slowly mounted to his face.

"Oh, Miss Bertha," he cried faintly, "do not let Dick ride 'The King' to-day. Please do not let him ride the horse. He did not like to tell of Dick's unfaithfulness, but Miss Townsend insisted upon knowing why, and therefore compelled him to tell her all about it. At first she could not believe it, then Tom told of his suspicion that it was Sir James who had "fixed" the horse the year before, and who had accused him unjustly. By this time Tom was sitting up on the edge of the stairs. The eagerness and interest which he felt had made him forget his own feelings.

"Miss Bertha, if you would only let me ride 'the King' to-day it would save you the race and it would save Dick," he was saying. "You know I used to train 'The King' last year before I was sent away."

"Tom, I'll let you ride him, and I believe that you were wrongly accused last year."

"Oh, Miss Bertha," cried Tom, "that

puts new life in me, but we better not be tellin' Sir James about this until after the race."

"All right, Tom. But I'll go and find Dick and explain to him."

"If you wouldn't mind bein' easy on him," said Tom, and hesitated painfully. "It was Sir James, the old scoundrel, as was to blame."

"I'll let him off easy, Tom. Now go and get ready. You will find some things upstairs, and here, I'll give you my colors."

Tom took the knot of silk, gazed at it a minute and sprang eagerly up the stairs.

At one o'clock, mounted on "The King," he was at the start ready to win or die in the attempt. The race was to be four times around the track, and Tom felt confident that he could ride his horse successfully, although he himself was in no kind of condition.

As the pistol was fired and the horses got away, all Tom's old love and passion for the race came back to him. He could hear but faintly the cheering and yelling of the great crowd. He kept The King's pace down for the first lap, for he knew what his horse could do. When the stand was reached the first time "The King" was fifth, and on the second lap Tom kept the same pace, though his horse wanted to get ahead. After they had passed the stand the second time Tom let "The King" out a little, and on the third lap he crept up to second place.

Coming down the course he could hear the shouts of "Go it!" "The King! the King!" "Lady Ann!" "Go it!" And there standing by the railing was Miss Bertha, waving and shouting at the top of her voice, while by her side stood Dick, who was also waving his cap.

Tom saw these two and knew that his brother had forgiven him. A sudden thrill of joy swept over him, and his determination to win the race became stronger than ever. He gave "The King" a free rein, and leaning far over his glossy neck he whispered, "Now, my boy — for her."

The horse seemed to understand, for although he was fairly flying at the time, he contrived to shoot by "Lady Ann" like a flash, and as he passed, Tom could see that Sir James's horse had run her race, for she was terribly winded.

Tom and the "King" crossed the tape a good ten yards in the lead. The crowd went mad, forgetting all about Tom's former disgrace, and as he fell fainting from his horse many willing hands picked

him up. They bore him with great shouts of applause to the stand, where he was placed on a horseshoe of roses, and where the blue ribbon was pinned to his blouse.

When Tom opened his eyes he saw Miss Bertha and Dick standing beside him. He grasped Dick's hand and feebly pressed the ribbon into it, while Dick said in a choking voice, "Tom, old man, you've saved me from an awful disgrace, and I want to take back all I did."

"That's all right, Dick, my boy, we'll forget it," answered Tom, in a weak voice.

Although a great many people wondered why Tom, instead of his brother, had ridden "The King," nobody ever knew, except, perhaps, Sir James Haregrave, who kept what he knew strictly to himself.

J. WORTH BROWNVILLE, '09

CONCERNING A MEXICAN TABLECLOTH

THE engine gave a preliminary snort as if debating whether to start or not. Then it started with a cough that rattled sharply above the storm, and a jerk that caused much strain on the coupling pins, leaving me, grip in hand, on the platform of the station. As the last car passed me and gurgled into the night I turned to view the station.

It was a typical country station, absolutely destitute of paint in any form. A sadly defaced sign bearing the legend, "Red Ledge," creaked back and forth dismally in the wind, trying in vain to look cheerful. On the door was fastened a white railroad map that looked decidedly out of place. By one side an empty gum slot reigned supreme, while the other side boasted of a red lantern, hung

upon a very questionable nail. The lantern threw a weird glow over the station front, that gradually tinted down to the surrounding darkness. Far down the track a green light twinkled, marking a switch, the presence of which was every now and then obliterated by a driving gust of snow.

I walked quickly down the platform, and opening the door entered with a gust of wind.

When I had closed the door I looked around. Prominently situated in the center of the room was a small booth with a sign informing the general public that one of the two men inside was the ticket agent. I picked him out easily, as the operator was the only busy man. As I approached, the ticket agent glared in an inhospitable manner at me.

"Is the night express late," I inquired.

"Yep, it be two hours —"

"No, 'taint either," interrupted the operator. "It are stalled definitely." (I think he meant just the opposite.)

The ticket agent turned sharply about and exploded with a grand attempt at dignity, "Reckon ye kin shet up, Reuben. I reckon I'm this infermation beaurer. Ther express be two hours late," he continued, turning to me. "Ye're the fifth pusson thet's arsked bout that train in an hour, an' if ye ask me agin I'll pitch ther hull bunch o' ye out." His chin fairly quivered with emotion as he turned wrathfully to his desk.

After I had gathered this refreshing information I turned to acquaint myself with the four other victims. As I veered around a roar of familiar laughter fell upon my ears. Over in the corner, gathered before the open door, which balanced on its legs in an alarming manner, I perceived the "Major" standing, in the act of repeating some story to Tom Blake, Jim Craigin, and Jack McDever, who at this moment seemed fairly convulsed with mirth.

No sooner had they sighted me than they made a simultaneous rush in my direction, causing the stove to sway back and forth like a rocking-horse (and to tell the truth, it seemed a miracle that it did not capsize).

"Hello, you scamp," cried Blake, as he seized my hand, and nearly wrung it off in his ecstasy. "Going to Chicago? That's where we're all bound for." Jim Craigin grasped my other hand, while the Major and Jack McDever contented themselves with alternately taking turns in thumping my back. When the first two had released my hands and

the others had ceased their tattoo I stretched myself to see if any portion was missing.

"Ever goin' to finish that story," queried Craigin, of the Major.

"Yes, start it over again," said McDever. "I'm sure Harding would like to hear it."

The Major leaned back in his seat, and after an awe-inspiring silence began, "As I was saying, gentlemen —"

"You were doing more hemmin' and hawin' before, in my idea," broke in Blake.

The Major gave him a look that completely wilted him, and continued. "As I was saying, gentlemen, Alliston and I were doing some painting in José, down in Mexico, just outside of Hedalgo. It is a sleepy little town, nestled at the foot of the Sierra Madré range. He was working on a painting of the foot-hills, and I was doing some potboilers, studying, meanwhile, a ruined monastery outside of town. Alliston had an aunt who had quite a hobby for collecting curios.

"One day we chanced to pass a window in which the finest Mexican drawnwork tablecloth I have ever seen was on exhibition. It caught Alliston's eye and we entered. An old woman informed us that the cloth was not for sale at any price, but Alliston's mind was made up, and so, after a deal of lying on both sides, he passed her a cool seventy-five, and the cloth was his. I didn't see anything of the cloth for some time after that. Toward the last of the fall we packed our outfits and started for home. We boarded a steamer at Tampico, for New Orleans, as we were to go north from there by train.

"As we were seated on the deck of the steamer a few hours later, Alliston sud-

denly exclaimed, 'Confound that table-cloth, anyway.'

"I looked at him inquiringly and he continued, 'Why, man, can't you see, I've forgotten the custom, and the blamed thing will cost me over a hundred dollars; may the devil fly away with it.' He slowly lighted a cigar and gazed thoughtfully at the deck for some moments. Then he gave a chuckle. I noticed that his face was wreathed in smiles as he passed below.

"When the crowded wharves of Orleans were sighted the next morning, Alliston arose from the table and beckoning to me led the way to our stateroom. Here he quickly discarded his sack coat, and to my amazement instead of preparing to land, he began to disrobe with unusual haste. Next he opened the trunk, and with a semi-dramatic bow placed upon the lid the Mexican draw-work table cloth. He then drew from his pocket a collection of miscellaneous articles, from which he selected two horse-blanket pins.

"I always make it a point to 'do' my duty," he said, with the face of a stone god. "And with your help I will 'do' it now." He carefully ran the pins through the upper corners of the folded cloth, and with my assistance it was suspended from — where do you suppose, gentlemen?"

"Under his chin," grunted Blake.

"From the rim of his panama," suggested Craigin, while Jack McDever leaned forward, and with the air of imparting some wondrous knowledge, ventured, "From his watch chain, didn't he, Major?"

"Wrong!" cried the Major. "He pinned it to the lower rear portion of his

shirt. Then he carefully donned his trousers, and gripsack in hand, we made our way to the deck.

"There we found bustle and confusion. Three custom officers were making their way among the passengers, examining trunks and boxes. Outwardly, grave as a pair of deacons, and inwardly, well—we approached a somewhat aged officer whose tongue ran like an eight-day clock. After I had paid my duties he turned to Alliston. Choking with the best imitation wrath I have ever seen Alliston paid the paltry sum of one dollar and fifty cents, and we walked down the gangplank. No sooner was the first corner turned than we burst into such convulsions of laughter that the few passersby gazed at us in blank amazement.

"Suddenly I was startled by a wild yell from Alliston, who was flying up the street, one hand clutching the back of his coat, and the other beckoning as well as possible, gripsack and all, for me to follow. All the while he was accompanying himself with such blood-curdling screeches that I feared he was out of his mind. I reached the hotel a few moments behind Alliston, whom I found frantically tearing off his clothes. 'Just talk about a guilty conscience,' he cried, during the removal of his vest, 'my conscience will never prick as deep as this pin is.' Then with a triumphant smile he drew half an inch of offending safety pin from his back and laid the tablecloth on a chair.

"I've been with Alliston a good many times since then," continued the Major, "and he has never tried to 'do' his duty so conscientiously, to my knowledge, since. A few days after, Alliston and I entered the home of his aunt, in Boston, and he presented that delighted spinster

with a certain Mexican drawnwork table-cloth."

The Major stopped and slowly hurled the remains of his cigar through the open door of the stove. An unusually strong gust of wind rattled the whole building, and died away with a lonesome moan around the corner. A small stream of snow sifted in over the threshold, but it did not melt, as the change in the atmosphere was slight. A silence per-

vaded the room, broken only by the monotonous click of the instrument. Blake arose with a grin, and opening the door peered out into the white darkness. A gust of wind and snow swirled into the room, and faintly borne above the rush of the storm came the faint shriek of a locomotive. The ticket agent came slowly from his stall and rasped with a dramatic bow, "Gentlemen, the night express." J. H. POWERS, '11

A ROMAN LETTER

The following extract is a translation from a letter found in a collection at Pompeii.

HONOURED CORNELIA: If you are well, it is well; I also am well. This letter, as you must know, is not written by my own hand, but by Julius, who, here with my uncle, is so kind as to favor me in this way. I would not tell you of the Appian Way, for it is already familiar to you. Branching from this is a private road which ends in an enclosed garden. When I had crossed this I saw a long avenue stretching to the left. On one side of this the land slopes abruptly, while on the other it is nearly level, and covered with gardens, orchards, and vineyards. In one of the latter is located a building containing wine and oil presses. Turning up the road I soon came in sight of the villa itself. Its exterior is extremely plain, but I soon found that the interior possessed all the ornamentation that the outside lacks. At the entrance I was met by a porter, whose apartments were near the door. He bade me await my uncle, and disappeared, leaving me in a long, vaulted

vestibule. It was decorated simply with a few paintings, and at each end a recess containing a bench offered rest to a waiting visitor. When I had only glanced about me, my uncle appeared. He greeted me cordially and led me into a large room also vaulted, which is so cool that it is here we sit in the heat of the day. It opens into the court, where we walked when it had grown cooler. Two large trees had been spared when the villa was built, and these protect it somewhat from the sun. In the center stands a fountain surmounted by a bronze statue. Facing the south is a semicircular seat, where it is pleasant to sit on cold days. Covered porticos surround this. All the columns are stuccoed and painted red, while the walls of the villa on all sides of the court are adorned with dark paintings. Walking in the court I can see nearly every portion of the house.

To-day while I was looking from my room upstairs into the court below, I saw Julius enter the large library, a place

which he haunts continually. I can better appreciate the worth and beauty of the paintings and statuary in the long museum. This is a covered promenade between the main house and my uncle's retreat. It is there he retires when the house is noisy, and there he lives comfortably, for this small abode contains several bedrooms, a small dining-room, and a library. Until we gathered in the private triclinium for our midday meal, Julius remained among his beloved volumes. After we had eaten we rested for a short time, then walked into the pleasure gardens outside.

Expecting guests to dine with him, my uncle returned to the villa and we followed. The visitors arrived as soon as we did. Then all assembled in the great triclinium, which accommodates about eighteen people. This room is the finest part of the villa. It commands the country on three sides, through three large arched openings divided by marble columns and surmounted by entablatures.

All the upper part of these openings is closed with an extremely fine trelliswork of bronze filled in with colored glass. Eight large brackets of carved wood support at the corners a wooden ceiling covered with paintings of a subdued tone. The mosaic pavement is carefully executed and all the walls are adorned with paintings. On the four narrow sides of the octagon are left niches, each of which contains a statue of a nymph pouring water into a porphyry basin. In bad weather the openings between the columns are closed with thick curtains.

After dining we stayed for a while in the triclinium enjoying the beautiful scene outside. Then Julius and I went back across the courtyard, for I had told him of my plan to write to you. As we walked under the covered porticos we met many slaves who were beginning to watch for the night.

Farewell, Cornelia. Thou art my friend and I am thine, MARCIA.

MILDRED CHANDLER, '11





CLASS 1908, NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

JAMES J. COLLINS A. LOUISE DYSON JOHN N. BRION CATHERINE M. MACKENZIE KENNETH E. WEBB ADELAIDE H. CARPENTER
WESLEY I. BROWN MATTHEW E. MALONEY ELEANOR M. BURNHAM ERNEST E. PARKER J. FRANK GAUGHAN MINNIE B. MCINTOSH FRANK E. PARKER
ALMA L. SUREN LUCY E. CARTWRIGHT ELMER C. CARTER ROSCOE L. WEST EVELYN P. LOCKE JESSIE E. COULT SUSAN M. FALLON
EOLA B. RIVARD DAVID S. HAMILTON VIDA GEGENHEIMER



Truly a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Miss McK——, '11, was overheard saying to one of the seniors before the portrait head of Longfellow, given by the class of 1907:

"It is just lovely! I think every school ought to have a bust of Jupiter."

The juniors have excellent ideas of parliamentary rule and order. The following interesting conversation actually occurred.

President: "We will now listen to the report of the secretary."

Secretary: "I haven't any report ready; I thought we were going to have a class meeting."

President (*bewildered and trying to say something*): "Will you please put that in the form of a motion?"

Secretary: "Certainly. All in favor please raise their right hands."

B. '09: I hear E. C. — is going to start a bake shop.

W. S. '10: You don't say! Why?
B: Because he has so much crust.

Miss H. (*in Latin II*): Comment on "Sibi."

J. '10: Mr. Sibley has asked us not to nickname him.

Miss L. — in history class: "Where is Constantinople?"

Intellectual freshman girl in front seat: "I think it is in the southern extremity of South America."

Pupil (*translating in Hoher als die Kirche*): They held themselves thus in silence, etc. —

Voice from back seat: No, they held each other.

The class in English were asked the following question. They had just finished *Ivanhoe*, and the teacher inquired as to what seemed the most natural and lifelike detail in the story. M—h raised his hand and said:

"I think it was most natural when Rowena sent word by her maid to Cedric that her hair was not done yet."

Miss H. (*in Latin I*): What would you call the "if" part of a sentence?

Miss T.: The doubtful part.

Miss H—, '09 (*translating in German II*): She cast her eyes up at him.

Miss T—, (*to chemistry, '08*): C., does anything give light without heat?

C.: Yes.

Miss T.: What is it?

C.: Lightning bug.

Miss H. (*in Latin I*): We will now take the review and the syntax.

P., '11 (*coming back to this earth*): Did any one say anything to me about thumb tacks.

Miss J— (*to arithmetic class*): Well! If you can't get an example right, you can at least get it correct.

Miss H. (*in Latin recitation*): W—, you may give the parts of *premo*.

W—: *Premo* — *premere* — *prempsi* — *premptus*.

Miss H.: No, the parts are *premo* — *premere* — *oppression*.

Miss H. (*a moment later*): Now, S—, you may give parts of *opprimerant*.

S.: *Oppremo* — *opprimere* — *oppression*.

Mr. S— (*in geometry class*): What is a projection?

Miss W.: Anything that hangs over the edge.

B—, '10 (*reading*): And she loved him with a love that was her doom.

Miss L—: What is meant by "her doom"?

B—: Her finish.

Miss B. (*in the algebra class*): What is your average per cent, Quin —?

Quin: Two thousand. (*A short scuffle ensues and exit Quin.*)

Sometimes in Room C the freshmen enter just before the first bell rings. The whole effect is well described in the Ancient Mariner when the old man speaks of "Waters shot from some high crag." On such an occasion Jimmie Minimus walked solemnly to the back of the room holding in his strong right hand what seemed to be a banana. He tried to pass it to several of his friends, but failed.

"Bring that here and put it in the waste basket," said Miss L— sadly. However, as Jimmie advanced it was impossible not to relent.

"Perhaps I can keep it for you, so that you can eat it after school," she said.

And then Jimmie actually was hard-hearted enough to place an empty skin most deceptively arranged on her desk. Of course all the freshmen, Miss L— included, were greatly pleased and evinced their delight.

"Now, M—," said his teacher at length, "I think some one ought to give you a lemon."

E. C., '09: translating German. Why in the deuce did you stay out so late?

Miss H. (*in Civil Government*): What happens when a member of the Legislature dies?

D. B. W., '09: They bury him.

Mr. S. (*to K. H., in geometry*): How do you get that?

K. H.: Oh, that's what it gave in the book, but I don't know why.

Miss —. (*to history class*): What did Augustus do for Rome?

Bright Scholar: He found it a brick and left it a marble.

Heard in German I: Hans Schlug die Hände zusammen vor Freude.

Hans shook hands with himself for joy.

Teacher (*trying to lead unwilling student into the paths of knowledge*): You know that when Coleridge ran away from college he called himself Cumberback because he couldn't ride well. Now, where's the joke? What word do we get from this verb "cumber"?

M—, '09 (*timidly*): Is — it — is — it "cucumber"?

Miss H—, in Latin, after boy had fallen out of his seat.

C—, where are you going?

C—: Oh! going down, that's all.



DURING the past year we have received fewer exchanges. Nevertheless we are always pleased to see our old friends and glad to welcome any new ones.

We acknowledge the following: The College Signal, Amherst, Mass.; The Artisan, Mechanic Arts High School, Boston, Mass.; Latin School Register,

Boston Latin School, Boston, Mass.; Penn Charter Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.; Magnet, Leominster, Mass.; Voice, Franklin, N. H.; Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.

Publications having the ADVOCATE on their exchange list and not receiving it regularly will confer a great favor on us by notifying the editor.

VERSE

THE OFFICE
(With apologies to Longfellow)

The hours of morn were waning fast,
When through the upper hall there
passed
A youth, who bore with griplike vise
A paper with this strange device,
“The office.”

Oh! Woe to him; as morn had passed,
His teacher without cause he'd “sassed!”
Now when he reached the lower floor,
He paused before an open door,
“The office.”

Five times he passed and five he came,
And now he comes and goes again,
Listening with catlike eagerness,
Now gazing at, with “anxiousness,”
“The office.”

At last he musters courage bold,
And thinks he'll do as he was told.
He “ope's” the door and slips within,
And joyfully finds there's no one in
“The office.”

Now Death, please guard that person's
fate,
He's showing up too much of late.
For down the stairs with creak and groan
A footfall shows, “He's” coming to
“The office.”

So now, dear reader, stop perplexed,
’Twill be continued in our next,
And lest the story makes you pale,
I now will close my woeful tale,
“The office.”

J. H. P.

CHARGE OF THE FRESHMEN

Down the hall, down the hall,
Down the hall, pressing
All to the Latin class
Rushed the gay freshmen.
“Order,” Miss H——, then said,
All followed where she led,
And with proud upraised head
• Starts each young freshman.
Was there a boy dismayed?
Was there a girl afraid?
Not, though the Latin “laid”
All night unopened.
Mock Trial for half of them,
Dancing till half past ten,
Yet they lined up like men,
Smiling and jocund.

Smart girls to right of them,
Low marks to left of them,
Miss H—— in front of them
Declension thundered.
Bravely their answers fell,
Boldly they spoke and well,
Only expressions tell
How Miss H—— wondered.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild words they said!
Oh, the translations read,
Brilliant young freshmen!
Honor to nineteen 'leven,
Who failed in naughty seven,
Your sins will be forgiven,
Noble young freshmen.

J. H. P., '11.



O. WEBB K. HERDMAN F. GAUGHAN K. WEBB
FERRIS HEATH (Capt.) LEONARD MCINTOSH
CHAMBERS TAYLOR BROWNVILLE W. GAUGHAN



FOOTBALL

THE football team this year was one of the best on record and the support that the pupils gave to it was justly rewarded by the good playing of the team as a whole. Three weeks of good, hard practice took place before the first game, and as there was no coach it was all Captain Heath could do to keep the candidates in hand. The team had an average weight of one hundred and forty pounds, and not once during the season did it play against as light a team.

The following were the candidates for the team: John Leonard, right end; Lewis Catheron, right tackle; Kenneth Herdman and Stanley Ferris, right guards; Alden Williams, Clarence Foss, and Harold Collins, centers; Fred Kingsbury and Allan McIntosh, left guards; Frank Gaughan, left tackle; Clinton Eldridge and Charles Chambers, left ends; George Taylor, Donald Wheeler, and Worth Brownville, quarterbacks; Kenneth Webb, left half back; William Gaughan, right half back; Owen Webb, full back; Chester Heath, right tackle and full back.

Needham played its first game against

Newton High School, on the Cedar Street grounds, in Newton, October 1. The score was 12-0 against us. However, Newton did not have a very easy time conquering Needham, but was forced to play its hardest to win the game. Heath, the two Webbs, Herdman, and Chambers played well for Needham. October 5 Needham played Rock Ridge Hall, on Green's Field. Needham won 18-0. Kenneth Webb scored all the points made by Needham, with three 85 yard runs through the entire Rock Ridge team.

On the twelfth of the month Needham journeyed to Dedham and won a hard-fought game to the score of 6-2. Dedham outweighed Needham, who were on the defensive the greater part of the game. Three times Dedham was held for "downs" on the Needham five-yard line, but was unable to put the ball over, mainly on account of the good defensive playing of Frank Gaughan and Chester Heath. About the middle of the second half Williams of Needham broke through the Dedham line, seized a fumbled ball, and ran sixty-five yards for a touchdown. Catheron kicked the goal.

October 19 Needham won from Wayland High, by the score of 18-0. The game took place on Green's field, Needham. Fast team work was mainly responsible for the victory. K. Webb and F. Gaughan excelled for Needham.

October 26 Needham played the Natick Athletic Association, on Green's field, Needham. Our boys won with a score of 6-0, but were forced to play their best to win. The line plunging of William Gaughan was the feature of the game, while Lucy played well for Natick.

November 2 Needham won from Hyde Park High by a score of 6-0, on Green's field, Needham. Superior team work won the day for Needham, but fumbling at critical moments marred the game somewhat. Brownville played a fine game, while Taylor was Hyde Park's star.

November 5 Needham went down to defeat before the heavier Dorchester High team. The game took place on the Dunbar Avenue grounds, Dorchester. During the first part of the game Needham seemed to suffer from stage fright and allowed Dorchester to score. This fact seemed to arouse the team, and for the rest of the game Needham played rings around Dorchester. Costly fumbles at critical points in the game were what kept Needham from scoring more than once. Owen Webb excelled for Needham and Fraser for Dorchester. The score was 9-0.

November 9 Needham played a tie game with the Dorchester School of Practical Arts, on Green's field, Needham. The score was 0-0. The game was one of the best seen in Needham, for at no time was either goal in danger. Owen Webb and Frank Gaughan excelled for

Needham, while the wonderful punting of Callahan won great applause from the spectators.

November 16 Needham High was beaten, 18-5, by Auburndale Athletic Association, on Green's field. Two of Needham's regular players, Owen Webb and Frank Gaughan, were forced to leave the game because of injuries. Heath, McIntosh, Chambers, and William Gaughan played good ball for Needham.

November 23 Needham defeated the strong Framingham Business College team, on Green's field, by the score of 5-0. Team work and the excellent forward passes of Kenneth Webb were features of the game.

On November 28, Thanksgiving Day, the last game of the season was played with Wellesley. Needham was beaten to the "tune" of 10-5. It was a very interesting game from Wellesley's point of view, but from Needham's, the less said about it the better. Both teams played extremely well, since forward passes were used by both teams for large gains. Both sides scored in the first half, and as neither side was able to kick the goals the score was a tie, 5-5. During the second half Wellesley was able to score, which our boys were unable to do. "Cy" Foss played wonderful football for Needham, time and time again breaking through the Wellesley lines and "nailing" the backs for losses. This game ended the season for Needham, and the boys who "stuck" by the team during the entire season were rewarded with an "N. H. S." and the best sweaters that could be bought from Wye's factory, Needham, Massachusetts.

O. W., '09

BASEBALL

AT the beginning of the baseball season the athletic field was in poor condition, but nevertheless the recruits worked hard when the weather permitted. Collins had been unanimously elected Captain for the coming season, and soon had the candidates "thinned out." Many of the older members came out for their former positions and proved themselves both fast and reliable, so that there was little difficulty in electing the following: Devine, catcher; Daly, pitcher; Webb, first base; Maloney, second base; Collins, short stop; Chambers and Gaughan, third base; Brownville, left field; Ferris, center field; and Heath, right field.

The first two games scheduled were not played on account of rain, but on April 18 the Wayland team came to Needham. It was an easy victory for Needham, owing to good stick work and also to the pitching of Daly, who had Wayland well under control.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM	0	2	2	0	3	2	2	0	0
WAYLAND	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	4

On April 20 Needham went to Wellesley and came home victorious with the first game of the series in the Norfolk Triangular League. Needham excelled both in the field and at bat. Both Webb and Maloney showed up well in their new positions.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM	0	2	1	1	0	3	9	5	4
WELLESLEY	2	0	2	2	0	0	0	1	0

On April 25 Needham added another victory to her list by defeating Lexington, on their home grounds. Needham was somewhat crippled, owing to the sickness of Devine, who was unable to play. Collins, however, took his position. The pitching of Daly and the fielding of Brownville were the features of the game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM	0	2	1	0	3	2	1	4	2
LEXINGTON	2	0	1	0	0	2	0	1	1

Thursday, April 30, Needham met its first defeat at the hands of Lexington. Our boys were over-confident on account of their previous victories and allowed the visiting team to take the lead. Ragged playing by Needham proved fatal.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
LEXINGTON	1	0	4	0	0	2	1	0	1
NEEDHAM	2	1	3	0	0	1	0	1	0

On May 2 Rock Ridge Hall came to Needham. Needham won another easy victory, owing to its good stick work. The betting of Webb, Maloney, and Devine were the features.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NEEDHAM	0	2	4	4	1	3	0	6	0
ROCK RIDGE HALL	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	0	4

Needham defeated Dedham, May 9, in the second game of the Norfolk Triangular League series. Brownville's sensational catch in the first inning was the

feature of the game. Webb and Heath showed up well at the bat.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
NEEDHAM	3	0	2	2	0	0	3	0	0	- 10
DEDHAM	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	- 3

On May 13 Needham went to Newton and met its second defeat thus far this season. It was an easy victory for Newton, owing to the inability of our boys to hit McCourt. Brownville and Ferris excelled at the bat for Needham, while O'Neil did fine stick work for Newton.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
NEWTON	3	0	2	2	0	0	1	2	1	- 11
NEEDHAM	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	- 0

Needham again went down to defeat at the hands of Wayland, on May 16, in a hard-played game. Needham had the game well in hand up to the seventh inning, when Wayland found Collins for two passes and four hits, thus taking the lead. The features were the batting of

Heath and the pitching of Ames, who struck out fourteen men.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
WAYLAND	2	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	- 5
NEEDHAM	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	- 4

Needham met its fourth defeat on the twenty-third of May, losing its first game in the Norfolk Triangular League series. Needham played poorly up to the ninth inning, when Webb started a batting rally, which almost proved fatal to Wellesley. Chambers also batted well in this game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
WELLESLEY	0	0	1	2	1	0	2	2	0	- 8
NEEDHAM	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	5	- 7

On May 27 Needham was again defeated by Rock Ridge Hall, in a poorly played game. Needham's inability to hit Goodwin, and timely errors, cost Needham the game. Daly's catch and the batting of Gaughan were the features.

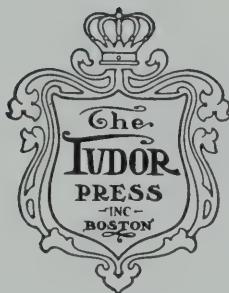
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
ROCK RIDGE HALL	2	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	1	- 6
NEEDHAM	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	- 3

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